



A FOUL VILLA'S MEN

by Capt. George B. Rodney

SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Fane, breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners.

Some people think that the average kind of patriotism is a queer thing. For instance, up to the time that Villa raided Columbus, N. M., American gun and ammunition traders sold munitions to the bandit on the sly and Villa used this material to shed innocent American blood. Do you think those munition "runners" are traitors, or merely "good business men?"

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Day after day he had sat by his watch the little parties of rebel horse riding the line on the lookout for the Americans who should succeed in evading the law that prohibited gun running; for in those days almost any one would take a chance with a rifle worth its weight in coined silver and cartridges selling openly for fifteen cents apiece. And gun running was made easier by the reason of the fact that the smuggler must be caught red-handed in the act of carrying the arms across the very line itself; for any American citizen could legally own a thousand rifles within ten feet of the boundary.

"It's the same old tale, of course," reflected Kynaston as he trotted leisurely down the gentle slope that led to the Santa Mesa flats, from which the land sloped south to the Great Ranges, where the miners were paying for peace that should allow them to work undisturbed the great ore beds that held the wealth of the ages. "Twenty miles, I suppose, and then a ride back—What is it, corporal?"

Corporal Welsh had come back from the "point" of three men that was riding in advance of the party to give timely warning of any rebels who might be on the road.

"It's firing, sir, I think, off to the southeast. Listen, sir."

It was firing beyond a doubt. The men sat with intent faces, listening to the sporadic sputter of the shots. The scratch of a match as a man lit a cigarette broke the silence.

Kynaston raised his right hand over his head, the fist clenched, and raised and lowered it quickly thrice. The little squad automatically formed in column of twos and broke into a steady trot, following closely on the heels of their officer as he pushed on up the valley which, they well knew, opened out beyond the trees.

Up, up, up they pushed till the live oaks gave place to pinyon pines, and the pines to bowlders. There, where the rocks ran out into scrub and the red earth showed like a blood-stain against the setting sun, they saw and heard again the cause of the firing.

Far away against the southern sky they saw the tall hats of the Villa revolutionists outlined among the grass stems and the dark shadows of the mesquite. Occasional flashes of red fire from the summit of the hill showed where their line was formed.

Instinctively, Kynaston looked for the men at whom they were firing. To his left he saw a stirring among the bowlders; even as he watched he saw the defenders move out in an attempt to gain the American side of the line.

There were about twenty of them; they came down the hillside as a tree falls, intent only on gaining the sure refuge of the line of pollard willows that marked the limit of Mexican territory. That the Villistas were after them could not be doubted, for the rush of maddened horsemen swirled down the hill as chips suck into a whirlpool. The fleeing Carranzistas, seeing the intent in their enemies' gait, and knowing right well what would happen should they come to hand grips with their pursuers, poured across the international line almost in front of Kynaston. The leader, a very much bedraggled captain of infantry, came forward somewhat breathlessly.

"Senior captain, I kiss your hands and feet!"

Kynaston had the grace to look at those selfsame hands and feet, and, seeing that they were in condition to be embraced as was suggested, grinned behind his hand as he made answer: "I am very glad to meet you. You are familiar, I presume, with the requirements of international law when an armed party crosses the line of a neutral state? Surrender must be made at once, and your party will be interned at some point to be designated later by the proper authorities."

"Of a certainty!" He reached back and, unheeding his silver-mounted machete, swung it forward gracefully. "Senior," he said, "behold my little sword!"

"Confound your little sword, sir. I don't see why the deuce you people can't have your fights so far within your own borders that we will not have to mount guard over you. Every blessed one of you, when he starts a fight, gets one foot on the American line and then thumbs his nose at the other party. If you did it twenty miles south of the line you'd be caught. Gather up those pack mules, corporal."

The three loose pack mules, which had been flogged down the hill by their owners lost they, too, should fall into the hands of the pursuing party, were grazing peacefully at the line, eagerly snatching such mesquit beans as they could reach.

Corporal Welsh rounded them up and was driving them well into American territory when a shout from the pursuing party made him turn. An officer clad in a French military cap, a Mexican blouse, very dirty white trousers, and straw slippers, rode forward, saluting Kynaston punctiliously. "I have the honor to request, sir," he said courteously, "that in accordance with the terms of the treaty that has existed between our two countries the raiders who have just crossed into American territory be turned back to answer to Mexican law."

"They've got a job, sir," commented Corporal Welsh. "They ain't got no law except what they make while they wait."

"I am sorry, sir, but it is impossible—that is, unless they desire to be returned to Mexican control."

Kynaston's eyes twinkled as he soberly asked the refugee officer if he desired to be so returned. In answer, that gentleman, standing not upon ceremony, openly bolted fifty yards farther into American territory. The American cavalymen grinned appreciatively.

"If you cannot deliver the prisoners I make formal requisition on you, senior, for the loads of those pack mules. Those men have come from General Zapata in the south and have looted as they came. Houses, men, women, and children; aye, senior, and



Swept Off His Sombrero in an Exaggerated Bow.

even the convents have not been sacred from them.

"Money, jewels, and treasures have they taken, and they have left the land bare behind them as the rice fields of the South when the flight of the langostas has passed."

"I ask that this loot be returned to me to be returned to the men who owned it. That mule yonder is loaded with the treasure that they have stolen for the purpose of using it to buy arms and ammunition to help their tottering cause."

He pointed to the pack mule as he spoke, and Kynaston saw that the aparejo fairly bulged with ill-concealed packages that showed plainly as the animal swayed to and fro, rubbing its sides against a tree.

"Sorry, old fellow, but I can't help you there, either," he said pleasantly. "I can't rob Peter to pay Paul—more especially," he added sotto voce, "as I am morally sure that Paul is about ten degrees worse than Peter."

"Gather up the outfit, corporal, and take their arms and ammunition. Take the bolts out of their rifles and stow all the ammunition near my sleeping place. We'll make camp here tonight and get back to our camp after moon-rise."

So they got their supper cooked by greasewood fires, and, after letting their horses rest a couple of hours, set out on the back trail. The little party of escaped federals was under careful guard, for Kynaston well knew that, given the chance, they would give him the slip and scatter on American soil.

They would not dare to escape direct to Mexico again, for there they would be shot on sight; but in the

United States almost any Mexican inhabitant whose sympathies lay with Carranza would give them shelter and food till the chance should come to smuggle them back to the federal forces.

Kynaston was very glad at heart when, topping the long ridge, his prisoners sauntering behind him, he sighted the camp fires of his permanent camp.

CHAPTER II.

The Emerald Bell.

The desert dawn was breaking when the little squad of cavalymen rode up to their old camp. As he came down the hill Kynaston could see the gray blur down in the valley that told him that the man had not yet returned with the new gear that should repair the motor and allow his visitors to leave.

Not wishing to wake his guests, Kynaston stood by the fire, where breakfast was cooking, rolling a cigarette, waiting till the stirring notes of the mess call should tell the camp that their meal was ready.

The first note brought Dorothy from the tent. Smiling her welcome, she came forward with outstretched hand. For answer Kynaston motioned to the little group of prisoners, who were intently watching the cooks, eager for the first really square meal in days.

"Oh!" Dorothy walked daintily forward, drawing her skirts more closely about her as she edged into the little group and addressed one of the men in the vernacular.

"Cual distancia de su casa?" ("How far are you from home?") she asked. Instantly the man sprang to his feet and swept off his sombrero in an exaggerated bow.

"Muchas gracias, senora! It is not often that it is given to prisoners to have a beautiful woman express sympathy for them. We are five hundred miles from home indeed, we loyal Mexicans have no homes. When we cross the border, driven across the line after fighting valiantly, our property is confiscated."

A rumble of mutterings from the others attested the truth of this.

"Good morning, everybody!" cried Mrs. Fane, joining the party. "What's up, Mr. Kynaston?"

"Good morning, Mrs. Fane!" said the lieutenant. "Nothing in particular up; just showing off my prisoners, that's all."

He told how the little group of federals had surrendered to him, and acquainted her with their complaint of persecution.

"It's a shame!" cried Mrs. Fane. "It's a wicked shame that when these people wage a legitimate war to suppress rebellion the revolutionist party should confiscate their little property while they escape across the line to save their lives. What is it, Mr. Kynaston?"

For Kynaston was openly grinning. "I'll tell you. I used to sympathize with them myself before I got to know them. You see, what they tell you is only half the truth, Mrs. Fane. Ask him!"—Kynaston pointed to the officer—"if his property is not going to be confiscated by the rebels after due process of law because the law provides that the property of any person in the state who shall seek refuge in another country is confiscated."

The officer nodded and spat vigorously. "Por vida! These rebels are dogs who live on the offal that their chiefs throw them. Loot, pillage, and plunder! They know no laws, senora." "Poco a poco," said Kynaston, still grinning. "The truth of the matter is that when Huerta was in power and the revolution was young, the federals passed a law which they called 'the law of the absent ones'—to translate freely—which was aimed especially against the rebels. By the terms of that law if any person should take refuge on the American side of the line, refusing to submit to Mexican law, his property should be confiscated."

"Exactly what he says," began Mrs. Fane scornfully.

"Precisely. But when Carranza and Villa broke and Carranza took over the government, the federals began to come across the line, and the revolutionists began to put in force the law that Huerta had passed."

"Ah, I see!" Dorothy joined Kynaston in a smile at the good lady's look of enlightenment.

"I suppose we may as well have breakfast, sergeant, if it is ready. Keep the prisoners away from those pack mules. I'll examine the packs after we have eaten. Who is that coming down the slope?"

Dorothy and Mrs. Fane both eagerly looked out across the desert in the direction of Kynaston's pointed finger.

Far away against the dead brown of the mesa slope, where the bowlders gave way to red earth and pinyon pine, they saw the figure of a man toiling his way painfully down the hillside, seeking by the aid of a long stick to learn the devious turns of the tortuous trail.

"Why, he's blind!"

Kynaston started forward. "Look! See how he pokes forward for each step before he moves his feet; may be sand blindness."

"Send a man over there, sergeant, to help him down into the camp. Upon my word, Miss Upton, I am seeing more excitement in the past twenty-four hours than I have ever seen before along this part of the line. Let's go to breakfast."

What part in this affair of love and intrigue do you think the aged blind man will play?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR MAY 21

THE CRIPPLE OF LYSTRA.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 14.
GOLDEN TEXT—If ye give power to the faint; and to them that have no might: he will increase strength.—Isa. 40:29.

Make a list of the seven cities mentioned in this lesson and locate them on a map. Let seven pupils attack to the map a flag, or banner, to locate each one. The visit to Iconium occurred probably in the spring of A. D. 47 (Ramsey). Paul and Barnabas had a great triumph and a severe testing at Iconium, wrought a great victory of faith and became popular at Lystra, only to meet great tribulation. On their homeward journey they confirmed saints, set up rules and gave account of their labors to the home church of Antioch.

I. In Iconium (vv. 1-7). This was a Roman city of great antiquity and importance. The modern city Konia is an important Mohammedan and trade center. Tradition says: Paul was imprisoned for being a magician and teaching a woman named Thekla not to marry. This woman endured great hardships and trials for the faith, finally becoming a nun at Selencia and dying at the advanced age of ninety. From this tradition we get most of our ideas of Paul's appearance—small, bandy-legged, large eyed, shaggy eyebrows, long nose; full of grace with sometimes the face of a man and at others of an angel. This is tradition only, but is probably somewhat near the truth. Paul followed his usual first witnessing in the synagogue, witnessing to the entire population, Jew and Gentile, and dividing them effectively by his words about Jesus.

II. In Lystra (vv. 8-21). (1) Popularity (vv. 8-15). Their introduction here would seem propitious, healing the cripple and at once gaining the esteem of the people. Adoration and gratitude appeal to the human heart. Underneath the heathen idea that gods "came down to us in the likeness of men," is the great and glorious truth of the incarnation (John 1:14, Phil. 2:6, 7). We should hesitate to condemn these men of Lystra too severely, for what American community is not open to condemnation in this regard? Too many Christians offer garlands (v. 13) at the feet of the men whom God has used to work his mighty works. It was common complaint that in the days of his greatest victories, men could not find Mr. Moody when a service was dismissed, or get into his quarters at the hotels; he would give no opportunity for self-glorification. Paul and Barnabas had hard work to restrain these hero worshippers (v. 14), and to convince them who they were and how they had been enabled to accomplish such a wonderful miracle (v. 15). Paul was of "like stature" with them and would not accept worship as did the Caesars or Herod (12:22, 23). He exhorted the Lystrians to turn from "these vain things," i. e., such idol worship, unto the "living God" (see also 1 Cor. 8:4; 1 Thess. 1:9). Hitherto God had not miraculously interfered to turn men from their evil ways (v. 16), but left them to their own devices to show their inability to find their way back to him (see Acts 17:30; 1 Cor. 1:21). Yet God is not "without witnesses" (v. 17). The seasons and the natural laws point to God, yet men still remain blind and ungrateful. Thus by vehement exhortation they prevented this act of sacrilege. (2) Persecution (vs. 19, 20). The mob is ever fickle, (v. 18), but it did not turn them "unto the living God" (v. 15). Conversion is the simple turning from idols (1 Thess. 1:9), a rational thing, but one contrary to the pride of men who desire to "do something" whereby they may merit or can demand their salvation. Even as Paul had difficulty to turn people aside from idols, so today it is hard to keep men and women from idolatry, not the gross or vulgar idolatry of heathenism, but the refined idols of culture, success, power, money and pleasure. To his difficulties Paul had the added persecution of the vindictive Iconians and those from Antioch (v. 19). God delivered him from this trial (1 Cor. 11:25, 27). All loyal witnesses must expect persecution from the God-hating world (II Tim. 3:12; John 15:18-20).

III. The Return (vv. 22-28). "When they had preached the gospel to the city" (v. 21) literally "having evangelized the city," they started home confirming believers and appointing leaders in each center visited. They did not take the short cut of 160 miles to Paul's home in Tarsus, but they visited their new converts.

Symbolically the cripple of Lystra is a type of sin, (a) helpless, (b) born in that condition (Psa. 51:5), (c) had to be helped from without, by outside power (Rom. 5:6); (d) all could see the change (James 2:18). This miracle wrought (a) Praise from the people, (b) Protestation on the part of Paul and Barnabas, (c) Persecution from the fickle and disappointed priests who incited the people. Persecution helped the proclamation of the gospel. Those who believed strengthened Paul by sharing his danger (v. 20) and because of this experience Paul "made many disciples."

In Woman's Realm

Two Modish Coats of Checked Serge and Tan Covert Cloth, Cravenetted, Which Are Among the Best of the Season's Offernings—Simple but Extremely Effective Party Frock That Will Appeal to the Small Maid.

Two coats, made to brave the spiteful return of the north wind in May and the showers from spring skies, are shown in the picture given here. They are of checked serge and tan covert cloth, cravenetted, and therefore not hurt by dampness. Their style is excellent and distinctive.

There have been so many checked coats in the season's showings that it would seem almost impossible for anything new and also attractive to make its appearance among them. But the model presented, while cut on familiar

that the body of the frock is of cotton net and is merely a full slip set on to a narrow round yoke of lace and reaching nearly to the knees. Three scant ruffles of lace are set about the bottom of this slip, and it is shirred in about the hips with three shirrings set close together. This shirring shapes the slip into a long waist and short skirt. The sleeves are merely puffs of net edged with a double frill of net. Over this slip of net a short overdress is worn. It is made of two lengths of yard-wide taffeta cut w. th



MADE TO BRAVE ALL WEATHERS.

and well-liked lines, shows a finish entirely novel. All its edges are finished with a piping of white and outlined with narrow flat silk braid, making the sharp and snappy contrast of black and white in a conservative fashion. It has a "chin-chin" collar.

The short coat of covert cloth trimmed with plain broadcloth is frankly a model for all-round wear, and does not commit itself to any sort of special occasion. It is pictured worn with an afternoon frock of taffeta.

narrow straps over the shoulder and scalloped about the bottom. The scallops are bound with a narrow binding of taffeta made from strips cut on the bias. The silk is shirred over a cord about the neck, and the arm's eye and shoulder straps are bound like the scallops. The fullness of the silk is drawn in about the hips with two shirrings over cable cord, forming a sprightly flounce below. The overdress slips on over the head. As pictured, it is made of light blue shiny taffeta with considerable stiffness.



PARTY FROCK FOR THE SMALL MAID.

Here is a party frock for the little maid from about eight years up to twelve years old that will delight her and please her mother as well.

It seems hardly worth while to describe the method of making it, because it is so clearly set forth in the picture. But for the benefit of the inexperienced who may be encouraged to undertake it, it may be mentioned

The frock is worn over a petticoat or slip of fine lawn edged with ruffles trimmed with narrow lingerie lace. It is made as long as the frock, so that there is a glimpse of these lace ruffles under those on the net dress.

Julia Bottomley